

— This altered the Face of *Jane's* Affairs prodigiously: She was no longer *Jane*, alias *Joan Giles*, the ugly old Witch, but *Madam Giles*; her old ragged Garb was exchanged for one that was new and genteel; her greatest Enemies made their Court to her, even the Justice himself came to wish her Joy; and though several Hogs and Horses died, and the Wind frequently blew afterwards, yet *Madam Giles* was never supposed to have a Hand in it; and from hence it is plain, as I observed before, that a Woman must be *very poor, very old*, and live in a Neighbourhood, where the people are *very stupid*, before she can possibly pass for a Witch.

'Twas a Saying of *Mr. Williams*, who would sometimes be jocose, and had the Art of making even Satire agree-

agreeable; that if ever *Jane* deserved the Character of a Witch, it was after this Money was left her; for that with her five thousand Pounds, she did more Acts of Charity and friendly Offices, than all the People of Fortune within fifty Miles of the Place.

After this, *Sir William* inveighed against the absurd and foolish Notions, which the Country People had imbibed concerning Witches, and Witchcraft, and having proved that there was no such Thing, but that all were the Effects of Folly and Ignorance, he gave the Court such an Account of *Mrs. Margery*, and her Virtue, good Sense, and prudent Behaviour, that the Gentlemen present were enamoured with her, and returned her public Thanks for the great Service she had done the Country.